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THE

Secrets of a Woman's HEART.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM A

FRIEND,

TO

Signior *F-----LLI.*

Occaſion'd by the EPISTLE of Mrs. *C---P-----ps*, to the Angelick Signior *F-----lli.*

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

LONDON:

Printed for *E. Cook*, in *Black-fryars*, and ſold at the Pamphlet-Shops of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Price 1 *s.*

M.DCC.XXXV.

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Secrets of a WOMAN'S HEART.

IN A

EPISTLE

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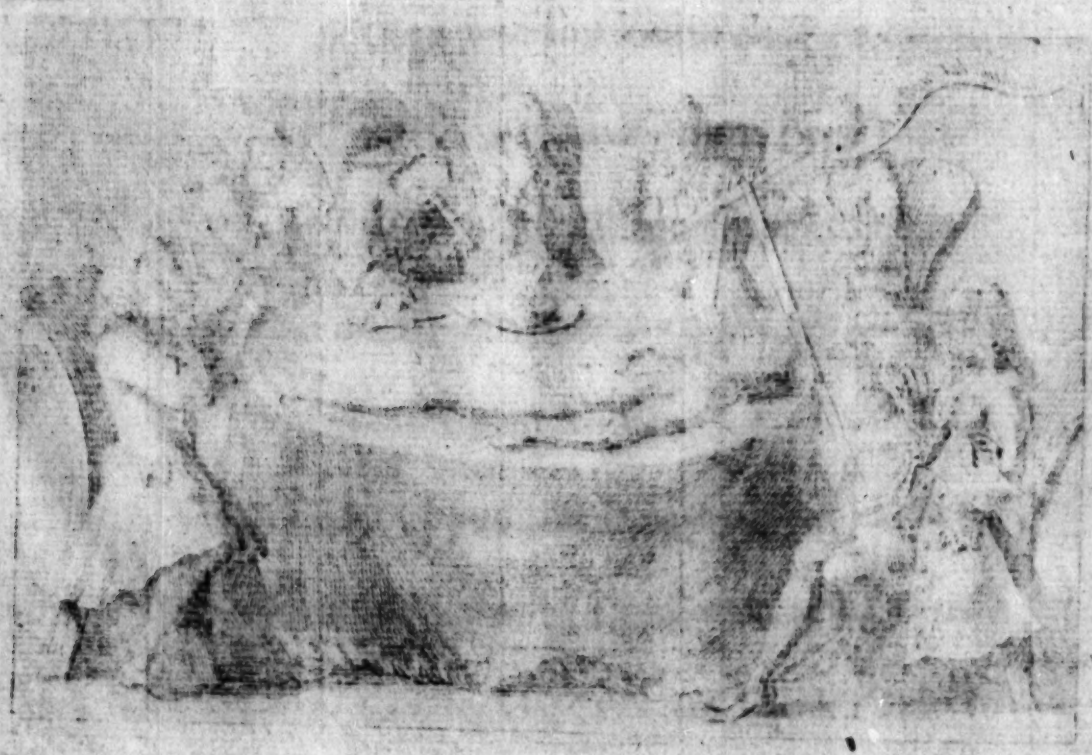
TO A

Signior F-----LLA.

Occasion'd by the EPISTLE of Mrs. C---

P----pi, to the Angelick Signior F----lli.



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A

EPISTLE

FROM A

FRIEND,

TO

Signior *F-----lli.*

TO thee, ſweet Songſter, my Advice I ſend,
Accept it kindly from your loving Friend;
Strangers ſhall find Civility from me,
Who knows how ſoon a Stranger I may be?
Shake *Conny* off, and caſt her from your Arms,
Deſtructive Women have ten thouſand Charms:
Conſider *F-----lli* thou art young,
Truſt not the falſe, deluding *Syren's* Tongue.
Can'ſt thou expect the fatal Rock to ſhun,
Where many have been Ship-wreck'd, and undone?

If

If skillful Pilots there have met their Fate,
Reflect on thine, before it proves too late.
A *Britiſh Bona Roba* at the beſt
A Viper is, a Life-deſtroying Gueſt;
Feign'd are her Tears, deluſive are her Smiles,
And by her Stratagems Mankind beguiles.
Lucre and Luſt are all the Harlot's Aim,
They boaſt---but only boaſt notorious Shame;
Therefore in Hopes my Counſel may prevail,
Attentive be to the enſuing Tale:
No Fiction this, the Truth is too well known,
In proper Colours drawn, the Picture's ſhewn,
There you will ſee what wicked Women are,
The blackeſt Devils, tho' they ſeem ſo fair.

To know the Secrets of a Woman's Heart,
Requires the Depth of Judgment, and of Art;
Things, deem'd impoſſible, to ſome appear
Bright as the Mid-day Sun, as Chryſtal clear.

The Paradox to ſolve, and to disjoint
This wonderful, this arduous, knotty Point;
And to remove the Prejudice of Youth,
Too frequently imbib'd inſtead of Truth;
The Task, unask'd, I freely undertake,
Not for my own, but *F-----lli*'s Sake.

With curious Eye the Frontiſpiece ſurvey,
See how the *Artiſt* nicely does diſplay
The ſmalleſt Figure, the minuteſt Part,
But, ah! what means that diſmal, bleeding Heart?
That ghaſtly Female on the Table ſpread,
View'd without Senſe of Horror, or of Dread?
Explain'd in proper Place the Scene ſhall be,
Which there, as in a Gloom, you faintly ſee.

'*MATILDA*, who had long been bred at C---,
But not one Jot the better Chriſtian for't;

Whoſe fav'rite Vices were exceſſive *Gaming*,
Pollution, and (what's much in Vogue) *Defaming*;
More Money ſpent than her uxorious Lord,
Who Place and Penſion had, cou'd well afford:
At laſt by Sickneſs to her Bed confin'd,
Thoughts of approaching Death perplex'd her Mind;
Her Lord, who lov'd his dear, falſe, letch'rous Wife,
Court-Miracle! much better than his Life,
Half dead with Fear, for the Phyſicians ſends,
And ſummon'd all her Kindsfolk, and her Friends.
The Sons of *Æſculapius* ſtraight appear,
His Lordſhip, frighted, could no longer bear
To ſee the Pain his Lady underwent,
But ſtruggling hard to give his Sorrows vent,
Their Judgment ask'd, proclaim'd a large Reward,
From Death's unerring Dart his Wife to guard:
They feel her Pulſe, one ſhakes his empty Head,
With Looks demure the ſecond gravely ſaid,

'Twas his Opinion that in five Hours Space
She muſt pay Nature's Debt in Death's Embrace;
Let us conſult, a third reply'd, —— agreed;
They then retir'd, deſpairing to ſucceed.

Pens, Ink and Paper, were before them plac'd,
Bottles and Glaſſes too the Table grac'd;
Theſe ſtudious Doctors, who had gain'd a Name,
Theſe mighty Men of Life-deſtroying Fame,
Jocund appear with every circling Glaſs,
A Demonſtration how their Time they paſs;
Like *Bacchanalians*, revel, drink, and chatter,
But mention not one Word about the *Matter*;
Some praiſe their Dogs, ſome this, ſome that fine
Woman,
In Conſultations nothing is more common.
A Noiſe is heard —— their Pens and Ink they take,
In Form preſcribe, and write but for Form-ſake.

They

They ſtart, and ſeem as tho' they were afraid,
In comes my Lord with Countenance diſmay'd;
Tears trickling down, he ſighing does relate
The ſad Diſaſter, and his hapeleſs Fate;
Good Sirs, ſays he, to eaſe my Grief and Care
The Cauſe of my dear Lady's Death declare.
The Cauſe, my Lord, ſays one, we ſhall impart,
Your Lady had a Stoppage in her Heart.
With this ridic'lous Anſwer, he, content,
Gave them their Fees, and then away they went.

His Lordſhip, pond'ring on this *grand Affair*,
Withdrew, and privately kneel'd down to Pray'r;
A Thing, of which to give each Lord his Due,
Not two in fifty guilty are, 'tis true:
But this religious P---r with fervent Zeal
Kind Heav'n implor'd the Myſt'ry to reveal,
And as he greatly did ſuch Knowledge covet,
He ſent immediately for Maſter *C-----t*.

The

The Body he diſſects with wondrous Art,
And makes Inciſion in the Lady's Heart,
Then holds it in his Hand, and views each Part:
While the Spectators gaze with great Surprize,
Some truſting to the Strength of naked Eyes,
And ſome their Optic-Glaſſes uſing, he
A Lecture read; quoth *Wiſeacre*, I ſee
Here in the Cavity ſtrange Things indeed,
Things that wou'd make a Heart of Stone to bleed.

The modiſh Vices of a wicked C-----,
Which ſome call Jeſts, and make their daily Sport,
Concentre here, without Controul they reign'd,
Till all the Springs of Nature had been drain'd:
Pride, the Concomitant of C-----, bore Sway,
To her *Humility* by Force gave Way,
Heaven's Off-ſpring baniſh'd, then this Child of Hell
Peep'd out, and left her ſolitary Cell,
Courtezans Hearts poſſeſs'd, and their does dwell:

The *ſooty Fiend* is plainly to be ſeen
In all their Looks, their Actions, Dreſs and Mein;
They frown, diſdainfully their Betters view,
And the *broad Way*, that leads to Death, purſue.

Ambition, *Pride*'s Twin-ſiſter here took Place,
The Courtier's darling Glory, and Diſgrace;
Pernicious Vice! poſſeſs'd of thee, Mankind
By Day or Night no Quietneſs can find.
This fatal Rock we never ſtrive to ſhun,
Tho' we know Thouſands by it were undone,
And when we reach the Summit of the Ball,
We giddy grow, and then deſpis'd we fall:
On ſlippery Ground with Safety who can tread?
Wiſe Men ſuch dangerous Paths will always dread.

Here *Prudery*, that wretched Compound, dwell'd,
To what a Magnitude this Lady ſwell'd!
Luſt thus predominant in every Part,
Her Eyes betray'd the Secrets of her Heart:

This very Hypocrite, this very *Prude*,
Extremely beautiful, extremely lewd,
Did various Ways and Stratagems prepare,
To catch young Witling Lovers in Love's Snare.
C------nd cou'd ne'er ſo many Charms diſplay
When in her Monarch's Arms ſhe melting lay;
Nor *O--f---d* tread with half ſo fine a Grace,
O--f---d whom Foplings often did embrace.
Luſt was her fav'rite, her dear Boſom-ſin,
She ſeem'd All-ſaint without, but was All-devil within;
In Point of *Lewdneſs* ſhe would not give Place
To *Betty C--x*, or *Counteſs in Diſgrace*;
Like *Meſſalina*, who all Brothels try'd,
She might be tir'd, but never ſatisfy'd.
Not one in Company look'd more demure,
Her Converſation modeſt, not impure,
Double *Entendres* ſhe cou'd never bear,
Such Things appear'd ungrateful to her Ear;

A Reprimand at leaſt was their Reward,
Who kept not on their Tongues the ſtricteſt Guard.
Whene'er the Hours, allotted for Devotion,
Drew nigh, ſhe always was upon the Motion;
With Eagerneſs and Haſte wou'd take her Watch,
Look on it, and the fleeting Minute catch,
Impatient, till ſhe heard the earlieſt Knell
Of the ſonorious, conſecrated Bell.
What Warriors call the Honour of the Field,
She to no pious Nymph wou'd ever yield;
The firſt that march'd to Church, the laſt came out,
Was very grave, and *damnable* devout.
Thus by her Ladyſhip's ill-ſtated Rules,
Bawds may be virtuous deem'd, and wiſe Men Fools.

Lucre and Avarice uſurp'd a Part,
And had a Share in this, once fair One's Heart;
The ſapleſs Roots are viſible and plain,
But every Branch does poiſonous Juice contain:

At

At ----- theſe Vices a Reception find,
To them ----- Ladies always have been kind,
Tho' they cloud Reaſon, and infect the Mind:
Yet they are deem'd but Trifles in a -----,

But in the Vulgar, or the midling Sort,
As groſs Enormities condemn'd they ſtand,
And call for Vengeance with a heavy Hand:
This is the Courtier's Language, with a Smile,
Others he does arraign, himſelf beguile;
As if to Vice Nobility could give
A Sanction, grant a Pardon, or Reprieve.
What can the Thirſt of *Avarice* abate?
Plenty ſerves only to increaſe the Heat;
Like Oil it nouriſhes the lambent Flame,
Till burſting forth with Violence, the Frame
Of Nature ſhakes, then Death puts in her Claim.

Lucre, the Courtier's Wiſh, the Stateſman's Bane,
The Mind perplexes, and diſturbs the Brain;

Treasure immense their daily Thoughts employs,
Haunts all their Dreams, and their Repose destroys,
Their Princes Secrets basely they unfold,
And prostitute their Consciences for Gold.

As largest Rivers from their Fountains flow,
Gaming to *Avarice* her Rise does owe,
To this ----- Ladies seem by Nature led,
She that games most, is most politely bred:
Taught from their Infancy, they *cheat* and *lie*,
And they who *palm* a Card, or *cogg* a Die,
Artists are dubb'd, extoll'd, and gain Applause,
Not so, if they engag'd in Virtue's Cause.
This Lady's Heart confirms what I relate,
For complicated Vices were her Fate;
From Heaven to Hell, to make a *Third*, she'd strole,
And would betray her *Maker* for a *Vole*.

Now, *F-----lli*, if thou hast a Heart,
Or, of that god-like Creature, MAN, a Part,

Exert

Exert thy *Reaſon*, like a *Man* appear,
Recal thy ſcatterr'd Senſes from the Rear:
What Diff'rence, ſay, between *Matilda* lies
And *Conny*, who makes you her Sacrifice?
Matilda had a Husband----this I own,
But make, my Friend, that Husband's Caſe thy own,
So far, I mean, as he had been abus'd,
Cornuted, and for too much Love miſus'd;
Reduc'd to Poverty, a Beggar made,
By a deceitful, gaming, luſtful Jade.
Truſt me, when Harlots into *Keeping* come,
'Tis eaſy to foretel their *Keepers* Doom;
Others, whom they eſteem, they ſurely keep,
And in their Arms with Pleaſure often ſleep:
Dear-bought Experience tells me it is true,
And Friendſhip bids me tell this Truth to you.

F I N I S.

Exert thy Reason, like a Man appear,
Recal thy scatter'd Senses from the Rear:
What Difference, say, between Matilda lies
And Cunny, who makes you her Sacrifice?
Matilda had a Husband---- this I own,
But make, my Friend, that Husband's Cafe thy own,
So far, I mean, as he had been abus'd,
Cornuted, and for too much Love mulct'd;
Reduc'd to Poverty, a Beggar made,
By a deceitful, gaming, lustful Jade.
Trust me, when Harlots into Keeping come,
'Tis early to foretel their Keepers Doom;
Others, whom they esteem, they surely keep,
And in their Arms with Pleasure often sleep:
Dear-bought Experience tells me it is true,
And Friendship bids me tell this Truth to you.

FINIS.